

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 4.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- FEBRUARY 2—Quinquagesima Sunday—Vespers of the following day.
- ... 3—Monday, Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
  - ... 4—Tuesday, St. Andrew of Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.
  - ... 5—Ash Wednesday.
  - ... 6—Thursday, St. Hyacinth of Mariscotti.
  - ... 7—Friday, Crown of Thorns of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
  - ... 8—Saturday, St. John of Matha, Confessor.

## ORIGINAL.

### THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

(Translated from the Latin of Sannazarius, l. a Student.)

Our readers are aware that some months ago, we presented them with the First Book of a Poem entitled the 'Birth,' translated from the Latin of the celebrated Italian Poet Sannazarius. We now hasten to lay before them the remainder of that production, and present them, in to-day's number, with the Second Book.

(This part of the Poem opens with the visit of the Holy Virgin to St. Elizabeth—the mother of John the Baptist—her continuance there, and her return home after an abode of three months. Then follows the enrolling of the whole world at the command of the Emperor Augustus—the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem—and finally the birth of the Saviour heralded in by innumerable spirits singing canticles of Joy around the scene of that glorious event.)

### BOOK II.

When now, inspired by Heav'nly grace, the Queen,  
Beholds the wonders of the Power unseen,  
She rises from the place without delay,  
And to the lofty mountains hastes away;  
There to meet her aged cousin dear,  
Bent with the weight of many a fleeting year,  
And to behold the wondrous gifts of Heav'n's,  
Which to that barren matron late were given,  
And first preparing for the destined way.

Her graceful form assumes no vain array,  
No gaudy vesture decks her bosom fair,—  
A veil of whiteness only shades her hair;  
Thus moving forth, like some bright star she seems,  
That o'er the wintry sky shoots far its beams,—  
Or like the morning, peering o'er the plain,  
Or the glad sun just issuing from the main!  
Where'er she moves unnumbered flowers arise,  
Of various odours, and of various dyes;—  
Here cassia blooms, and there the red rose springs,  
And here the hyacinth its fragrance flings;  
Its lovely head the fair Narcissus shows,  
Far o'er the ground the flaming crocus glows;  
The field's best sweets on every side are seen,  
And Spring in all her pomp, adorns the smiling green!

The rapid rivers cease to roll along—  
The hollow vales rejoice—the hills resound with song,—  
The pines around incline their lofty brow,  
And birds unnumbered burst from every bough;  
A thrilling rapture gladdens all below,  
Each wild and stormy blast forgets to blow.  
O'er the wide surface of the fair campaign  
Nought but the Zephyr holds its gentle reign,  
And fills with balm the fair pacific sky,  
And hails the Virgin as she wanders by!

Arriv'd—the partner of the hoary priest,  
With reverence fill'd, with dignity increas'd  
Receives the maid and clasps her to her breast,  
And spoke aloud, and thus her joy express'd.  
Hail happy Virgin! Glory of our name!  
Already conscious of my wondrous fame;  
Thou who alone wast worthy fount of all  
To bear the lighter of man's hapless fall,  
And on our heart's draw down celestial grace,  
And to the stars of Heav'n exalt thy race!  
O whence to me hath this high honor come,  
That thou, my Queen, shouldst seek my humble home,  
— Scarce on my ear thy salutation sounded,  
When in my womb the babe with rapture sounded: